

PUBLIC ENEMY

FEATURING

PABIS



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

REBIRTH OF A NATION

AT WAR...KNOW YOUR ENEMY, KNOW YOURSELF...WE ARE AT WAR...KNOW YOUR ENEMY, KNOW

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Raw Shit"

(feat. Paris, MC Ren)

[Chuck D: x4 repeat in the background]

Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Paris]

Yes, live, real rap's back again
You in tune to the real, Hard Truth Soldier radio
The _Sonic Jihad_ continues
Where you either with us, or you against us
Dogs of the world unite
It's Public Enemy

[Verse 1: Chuck D]

GOD DAMN I state with my fist uplifted
In a state where our freedom is severely twisted and
abused, I'm used to rhythm of rebel
I've been fightin this shit with the volume level up to
ten and spendin my time on the rhyme battlefield
Watchin as my brothers are killed with no justice
or peace, in the middle of hell
And I was out on the Isle when the two Towers fell
So now you're gonna tell that the war is won
and what's done is done, an all-good _Son of a Bush_
I've been there before, "got a letter from government"
Slid underneath, my front door
The poor get fucked while the rich is still amused
And what's left of the Bill of Rights is pimped and abused
While the patriots actin like kings
But the black is back, I'm all in with the noise I bring!

[Chuck D: x4 repeat in the background]

Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Flavor Flav]

Yeah that's right, we're Public Enemy #1 in New York
Public Enemy #1 in Chicago
Public Enemy #1 in Detroit
Public Enemy #1 in Oakland
Public Enemy #1 in Baltimore
Public Enemy #1 in Miami
Public Enemy #1 in Indiana
Also Public Enemy #1 in L.A., boyeee

[Verse 2: Paris]

Ask yourself why we just get by
While we struggle to maintain, bring sight to the blind
Up against the machine the _Bush Killer_ remain

In between the government and the public that's trained
Where white companies profit off black death
And house nigga rap thugs sell murder to kids
Where the media maintains all thought control
And fake news propaganda serve to rot the soul
We all unified to fight, keep the message and awake black
Open up your eyes, see the enemy and shake that
Bullshit lyin, free your mind, we combine
To combat the perpetrator of the crime design
With fake patri-ots and religion the same
Both blind and repressed, both practicing hate
Both following the lead of people never concerned
with justice when the motive is the profit return
we justice when motivate and positive return
We servin

[Chuck D: x4 in the background]

Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Paris]

Yeah, all day everyday we bring believe
All day everyday the most extreme
All day everyday we bring believe
Yeah, all day everyday we break the scheme

[Verse 3: MC Ren]

Worldwide vendetta, these reparations above cheddar
We got to fuckin get it together
So each one, teach one, fo' the straggle
Bein black in America's some shit to juggle
They won't give motherfuckers a job
They wanna throw you in the pen when you forced to rob
But the Villain is back, with the Black Panther of rap
Paris my nigga, you other fools never got bigger
I make this whole system quiver
With the street shit I'ma deliver, from my villa
Here I go again scarin people to death
America hold yo' breath, we the last left
And still got my black ass on the bottom
You motherfuckers in the jury that's why I shot 'em
I shot down one, to get away from two
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do

[Chuck D: x4 in the background]

Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Flavor Flav]

Bust it, we're Public Enemy #1 in D.C.
Public Enemy #1 in New Jersey
Public Enemy #1 in Cleveland, Ohio
Public Enemy #1 in Alabama y'all
Public Enemy #1 in Tennessee
Public Enemy #1 in Mississippi

Public Enemy #1 in Philly, in Atlanta
Also we're Public Enemy #1 in St. Louis

[Outro: Flavor Flav]

But let tell you a little somethin man
I'm tired of all these flatheads and all these coneheads
You know what I'm sayin? I'ma tell you somethin
There's nuttin but spies out there, you know what I'm sayin?
Somebody is always out there with the binoculars
Somebody's always lookin out they window, and you know who know, that
You don't see everybody that see you, you know what I'm sayin?
So yo, to all you spies, creatin nuttin but lies, yo
In your face you need nuttin but pies, pies, pies
Cold pies, you know what I'm sayin?
You know how that go G

[Chuck D]

Public Enemy #1

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hard Rhymin"

(feat. Paris, Sister Souljah)

Hard Truth Soldier radio

[Sister Souljah]

Brothers and sisters, this is not a test
I've been asked by Public Enemy leader Chuck D to make this emergency
announcement

The police in your cities, for all intents and purposes
have declared open season on black people (hey yo check one two)
Public Enemy was driven into the underground by government forces
However a small resistance is forming
Both Terminator X and Chuck D have resurfaced
Leading a small mobile rebel unit, "The Valley of the Jeep Beats" (1-2-3-4-5-6)

[Chuck D]

Hard rhyme and the rebel is on the mic
One time, rhyme animal's on the mic
They're still keepin, youth asleep an'
We in the hood with heat and still beatin
And we back with the rap that packs the room
Black tracks with the rhythm that make you move
Can't hush the bumrush, we bust the sound
with these sonic bombs, feel the pressure all around
Raise the level I'm up again rhymin
Ridin on the devil since I began rhymin
Hell we bring back the meat that rap lacks
Cause like I said, we got sold down the river
And I ain't for these racist wars
A lie's fed by these TV whores
I know it's more to news fake the truth
We break through won't lose we move with Public Enemy

[Chorus x2: Chuck D (Paris)]

Hard rhyme when the rebel is on the mic
One time rhyme animal's on the mic
(It's P.E. - whattup - it's on you, brother what'chu wanna do)
(Brother tell me if it's on, it's on)

[Chuck D]

Now hip-hop was a gift that lifted up
Loved rap 'til the companies ripped it up
Now the soul is set, we've been had like jazz
If you down for change then they take your voice away
And then they tell you the best is white
Co-signed by a nigga that pimped the mic
Make the rule the view that the beef is cool
But what it do is fool the few fools who buy the feud

Keep the people all blind and dumb dancin
Never let a record that wreck become rampant
See the street copycat the crap rap and songs
Not knowin "There's a POISON Goin' On"
'Til the message revealed and I show
But you never get to hear it on the radio
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, fuck Jack!
Bust that, squeeze, rewind the shit, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Interlude: scratching and samples]

"C'mon now!" DJ Lord
"Here we go again"
"C'mon now!" Guerilla Funk
(Hey yo check one..)

[Chuck D]

We move as a team to keep them demons out
Y'all know what I'm talkin about
See 'em used, abused, confused us into thinkin that
bein ghetto mean the same as bein ignorant
And so we strive to rise and get by
No peace for the beast we police and shine the light
Culture vanish on the television pimpin those
on "Cribs" in a home that they never own
Damn! Tell me that once again
Radio and the video don't uplift
Take a stand be demandin all my freedom and my civil rights
Worldwide fight the plan and they genocide
Yes the road is long and hard
And when I'm gone you'll say I did my part
Keep gunnin, we the crew that never lose
on the ones and the motherfuckin twos, Public Enemy

[Chorus x2]

[Flavor Flav]

Hey yo check one two
Yeah that's right, Flavor Flav takin you back to the next millineum
You know what I'm sayin? Always cold cold kille-enum
You know what I'm sayin? And I ain't playin
It's all in the message that we're layin
I got a secret weapon, you know what I'm sayin?
Let's take two steps to the rear, we gettin out of here
You know what I'm sayin? Operation Cold Killin 'Em to the next millenium

Flavor Flav, rock the house

Hey yo check one two

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rise"

[Flavor Flav]

Yeah that's right Chuck man, that's what you gotta do
You got to tell 'em JUST LIKE THAT, you know what I'm sayin?
Cause yo, man let me tell you a little somethin man
All these brothers around here fiendin for that crack-a-lack-a-lack
You dig what I'm sayin? Yo man, all they wanna do is get what you got
But when you ain't got nuttin, then they wanna cut you off
So what you gotta do, you gotta play 'em long distance
You know what I'm sayin? I mean long distance
They think we takin shorts, show 'em this is Cold Medina man
C'mon, kick it!

[Chuck D]

Back one more time, here to put the message in a rough rhyme
It's important that you knowin the time
Cause I'm seein the program, know what I know and
until we get together we will never be up for sure
So I wreck like I'm possessed by Malcolm X
See the feds want us dead, we too complex
I always speak the truth, comin from me to you
We movin as a unit so you KNOW we refuse to lose
I got my eyes on the lies from Washington
I'm a survivor, I know how the West was won
See a show and tell, the way the CoIntel
undermind the REAL hip-hop so the cops can trail
But know bad boys move in silence
Save us all from the pain of a life of violence
They tappin my phone, full grown and knowin
And still prone to refute the lies, won't stop until we rise

[Chorus: Chuck D + various samples]

Rise up! "C'mon, ah-c'mon"
Rise... rise up! "One more time"
We rise... rise up! "C'mon, ah-c'mon"
Rise... rise up! "To the beat y'all"

[Chuck D]

I'm a hard truth soldier to the bone for change
Demonstrate and seperate the fact from strange
Blame companies killin our children
When the villain's on the record never think for a second that's the way we live
Wanna squeeze on the fleas at MTV
We quiz knots for the cops at BET
Seize the time, always rhymin combinin the antidote
for dope Interscope and fake gangster quotes
Cause I can recollect times when records set
Collect a dead brother you mind if you silence it yet

Rest the program, defeat the beastie
Cause on the street they do as we influenced by what we see
And yes it "Weighs a Ton" I say it once again
That's why the Enemy is down with Paris and KAM
It's all fam, we collide we live
Better decide on which side you ride, won't stop until we rise

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav]

Y'all don't know, y'all don't know uhh *[x4]*

[Chuck D]

I know the power of fame, ain't never playin no games
Never croonin is provin, that we ready for change
Never simpin but they pimpin my people, for the dollars
So I holla back it keep us from EVIL 'til them devils are collared
And like I said it's on, I say it once again
Better know the plan to keep us ignorant
Brother to brother, ain't no other can smother
Or erase my case, we marry words with BASS
Just another wicked rhyme that I'm rappin on
S1's got my back if the clappin come
Pass on the work, makin sure the words are known
Keep 'em nervous, make 'em understand we servin foes
Keep it goin strong, nevertheless, know the enemy
And never back down, you can take it to press
'Less the mic like the art dart told you before
We for the prize emphasis the fight, now c'mon and rise

[Chorus]

[ad libs of Chorus to fade]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can't Hold Us Back"

(feat. Dead Prez, KAM, Paris, Professor Griff)

[Intro: Revolutionary]

Today we are together, we are unified and on runnin' cower
When we are together we got power
That is why we gathered today, celebratin' our own....

[Chuck D]

We spit flows on foes
Listen to the message that you never know
Got a plan for the man and it's federal
The rhyme animal, back to play the part again
Clear the madness, and put the message in
D, the Enemy is back to rip the mic
We come together, so don't believe the hype
Check my tone, there's a war here at home
We united and strong, and never move alone

[Paris]

We rep justice, equality and freedom now
Put fam first, man, woman and child
Never mild, keep it hostile 'til we raise
Where we say, what we mean and we mean what we say
It's been a long time comin' that we mob as one
Guerrilla Funk, Hard Truth nigga, that's what's up
No peace on the street 'til the justice come
From the ballot to the bullet, if it's on, it's on

[Chorus: Paris]

I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
See, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
Believe, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My brother, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
That's real talk on the one

[Professor Griff]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, I'm a target, I got proof
My buildin' got an 'X' on it
Bloomberg threw the hex on it
It's like a pistol with effects on it
On a nigga with arrest warrants
Hittin' pigs in their chests Quadrant where they vest wasn't
Now he dead cousin
All you snitches hit the red buttons, we some Uncle-Tom killers

Mini-nina concealers, political cap-peelers for this freedom for rilla

[Dead Prez]

Yo, if police stop the whip you got to eat them trees
I ain't got no 'G' to give it to them crackers and court fees
You know my steez, security first, prepare for the worst
Never caught slippin' if you stay on alert
Malcolm X said send them to the cemetery if they touch you
A revolutionary virtue, a dull blade'll hurt you
I'm up early workin' my machete
In war, it ain't no warning, you just got to be ready

[Chorus: Dead Prez w/ Minor Variations]

I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My nigga, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My nigga, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
You see, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me, yeah, uha

[KAM]

Yeah, my nigga it's bigger than rap
You really think you gon' be left alone
On sayin' that you believe and ain't gon' have to get your scrap on?
Then yap on, and will see if that's the right route
While I get my clap on and turn niggas' lights out
I tried to be nice, now we gon' have to bleed them
I'm willin' to do a killin' for the price of freedom "that's right"
Comin' from the left, nigga, hood is how we kept it "right"
So prison or death is just somethin' I done accepted
So we'll murder a snake, and we'll kill a skunk "that's right"
This ain't the word of a fake, it's Guerrilla Funk
So right now is the time and you turf the location
Y'all about to see the Rebirth Of a Nation
Even if some got de-rebelized
The revolution still will not be televised
U.S. Government tellin' hell of lies
And it's evident, when you look in this president's devil eyes

[Chorus: KAM w/ Minor Variations]

I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
Yeah, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
No homie, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My brother, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me

[Paris]

That's real talk on the one

[Outro: Revolutionary]

That is why, I challenged you now
To stand together, raise your fists together
And engage in our national black messiness
Do it courage and determination..
I AM, "I AM" - SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I AM, "I AM" - SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I LIVE IN POOR "I LIVE IN POOR"
BUT I AM, "BUT I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I NEED YOUR WELFARE "I NEED YOUR WELFARE"
BUT I AM, "I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I'm MAYBE YOUR SEAL "I'M MAYBE YOUR SEAL"
BUT I AM, "BUT I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I AM "I AM" BLACK "BLACK" BEAUTIFUL "BEAUTIFUL" RAW "RAW"
I MUST BE EFFECTIVE "I MUST BE EFFECTIVE"
I MUST BE PROTECTED "I MUST BE PROTECTED"
WHAT TIME IS IT? "UNIFICATION"
WHEN WE STAND TOGETHER, WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHEN WE SAY NO MORE ?? WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHAT TIME IS IT?

[A Great Round Of Applause]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hard Truth Soldiers"

(feat. Paris, Dead Prez, The Conscious Daughters, MC Ren)

[Verse 1: Chuck D]

Bring that beat back, we set it off "we set it off"
Got us back for combat, we get it raw "we get it raw"
With a counterattack over tracks we build minds of the blind
never calm when we bomb on neocons "let's go"
Pump the level, the rebel to you
Never lose or let a devil break up my crew
Never nervous, serve 'em with the words with purpose it's the
ColIntel killa black hard truth silverback "damn"
Still checkin to see just who's set to come along
when brothers revive that movement
We bringing the balance back, never non-violent tact
Guerrilla Funk and P.E. connect
So know it when you're hearin the rhymes that I'm givin' 'em
combined with the rythmn designed to expose the sins
all in it's the master plan
until the curse is reversed I'm sayin, rebirth of a nation...

[Verse 2: Professor Griff]

They call me E-M-E, U-N-O, you know
P.A., niggaz is opposite of the Po Po
We say together the ants can conquer the elephants
They say, fuck what they say 'cause shit is irrelevant
Soldiers, where's your heart? Show me that love
What you made of? This is the shit that could make thugs
Turn revolutionary, 360 he with me she with me
Anything for you, give up my kidney...

[Verse 3: Dead Prez]

Up early in the morning, training with the machete
Revolutionary, ready for war, never scary
As an African, my daily regimen is development
Malcolm X said self defense is intelligent
So I train in the martial arts
It's something for warriors, not those with partial hearts "partial hearts"
We recognize that our people need a military
So we could take care what's already necessary....

[Chorus x2: Paris]

What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Verse 4: Paris]

It's the killa Cal nigga now, showin' disgust

One hitter, still bitter, clips ready to bust
Gat Turner with the twin burner 21 shots in my drawz
Red beam on a pig make 'em pause
And y'all can't fuck with the style I bring
Been wild as a child ever since I came
To the knowledge of myself, raise 'em up, maintain
P-Dog and the Enemy, we bringin' the pain...

[Verse 5: Conscious Daughters]

It's the squaw, quick on the draw and quite clean
Verbal attack, I'm never seen, comin'
Niggas take off runnin', they know in my tribe
I'm pitchin' venomous arrows and shovin' bitches aside
We ride, unified, playin' our part
Bein' sure that a woman's voice'll never get lost
Still a soldier in the struggle and aware of the cost
Motherfucker, thought you knew the people ready for war...

So before I begin, let's commit to rhyme
Keep the women in the mix and do it one more time
And that when I get to hittin', know the powder is dry
Spittin' 'power to the people', hoe, the real gon' shine
Conscious Daughters in the front, soldier first brigade
Special One, CMG, Guerrilla Funk, we raid
Blaze through the competition and we all get paid
But keep it revolutionary each and every day.....

[Chorus x2: Paris]

What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Verse 6: MC Ren]

Who that nigga you can call to spit some shit
And ain't scared of the government, you niggaz lovin' it
We spread out in different positions
Tryin' to break these motherfuckers outta prison, listen "yeah"
Mayday on the front line
Nigga we G's up in the game, we bust 'till we flatline "what"
Then they want my black ass to Rock The Vote
They want as many niggaz they can to fill the boat
But these house niggaz go fight in Iraq
Cryin' to they mamma now they wanna come back
Should'nta took your black ass in the service
And fuck if I make you nervous, I'ma speak it
Black revolutionary, that's my title
While these stupid niggaz wanna be American Idols
Still ride for the streets, since day one
We rough with ours homie, straight outta Compton...

[Chorus x2: Paris]

What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah

Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Outro: MC Ren Talking]
yeah, MC motherfuckin Ren, with my nigga Paris
Guerrilla Funk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hannibal Lecture"

(feat. Paris)

[Malcolm X]

Being here in America doesn't make you an American
Being born here in America doesn't make you an American
Why if birth made you an American you wouldn't need any legislation
You wouldn't need any amendments to the Constitution
I don't see any American dream, I see an American nightmare
I'm one of the 42 million black people who are the victims of America

[Paris]

Aiyyo we all in together now, all in together now
Hard truth soldierin, hard truth soldier SHIT
Keep on servin 'em, cause you know we do work
Mashin in my Chevy down the streets of New York, they feel me
I smooth grip, and hit up the spot
Snatch Flav as my dual pipes burn up the block
We bumpin hardcore, heavyweight, b-boy blast
On the street they hear my beat, my 69 is fast
Smash down Lennox, head up to the 'View
Some reporter wanna holla and I said it was cool
Wanna know about the album and the Enemy's new
How P.E. and Guerilla Funk is keepin it movin
Breakin bread talkin politics, you know how it go
'Bout the war and how it's shitty that we murder for dough
Then the reporter asked a question, that I had to mash
How, I would act if every day was maybe my last
How if every day I worried 'bout my family in this
I'd be murdered on these street in a puddle of piss
Or if I would get some news that my brother had died
If they ran up in my house and held my kids and my wife
Or if we was looted and somebody took all our thangs
If my sister was abducted, never heard from again
I began to compare it, so he could observe
When I made the parallels with how they livin abroad
I can't ignore it, these pigs ride deep in the streets
Cap a nigga for his wallet, beat another for free
And the cold part about it, life is cheaper than that
Down there people on the bottom kill each other for scraps
Imagine that, propoganda got the people confused
Damned by the media that keep 'em subdued
I been around the world, seen a lot of shit in my life
Same sirens, same ghetto birds swirlin at night
Same racism, profilin each of us all
Same outsiders where we live enforcin the law
Gats clappin on the streets, gunplayin with heat
Same prisons full of brothers herded in like sheep
Same turncoats that'll burn folks for pay

Same conditions in communities we die everyday
Same brutality and ignorance, now what will it take
to break the motherfuckin cycle, get the people away?
That's why I'm fresh out of tears for 'em, all out of tears for 'em
Even though my heart goes out, what the fuck you cryin 'bout?
Money for rebuilding but, what about home?
When the way we live is shitty where's the love for our own?
I can't decide it, it's real, I hit you with proof
Maybe I'll be suicided cause I hit you with truth
See they kill for less than what we say on records to you
Hear the message in the music from a rebel to you, now listen

[Outro: x6 to end]

Save my life you gotta, save my life you gotta [x3]
Save us, save us

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebirth Of A Nation"

(feat. Professor Griff)

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[Flavor Flav (Chuck D)]

P.E., c'mon now!

Here the... here the, hear the beat go

(C'mon!) Hit me

Cold live can, cold live

(Bring the noise!) To the beat y'all

{"Turn it up!"}

C'mon now! That's all?

Ah-ah-ah-aight I got it, ah-ah-alright y'all, alright y'all

[Chuck D]

We come rough with the rhythm and rhymes that pack 'em in

Bust with the rhythm that shines back once again

Still ride with releases reachin each

Still strive to revive and keep the peace

And still knowin how to crush the mo'

We still showin with the monster flows that you know

And bleed the beast that, keeps the peace back

Must defeat that, bring that beat back!

When X plays on the crossfades we rave

To make us all come together, brothers doin our thang

In this land where the plan is to blind the mind

We go wild and understand the grand design

We brought BACK what'cha missed, feel the voice resist

Black fist got us sittin on the government list (oh shit!)

From the North to the near, hear it loud and clear

There's no fear, keep the people aware with Public Enemy

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[Chuck D] Rhyme animal

[F. Flav] C'mon Griff

[F. Flav] Hear the beat go, Terminator what?

[Chuck D] DJ lord... c'mon now!

[Chuck D] Guerilla Funk'n

[F. Flav] To the beat y'all, shakin the ground

[F. Flav] P.E.

[Chuck D] What a brother know

[Chuck D] Once again back is the incredible

[Professor Griff]

It's P.G. out the gutter to absorb the fight

Six shots, slang shots, stick cops at night

Might pass on the black ski-mask and gloves

Revolutionary love, in Allah we trust
This one's for the workers in the struggle to rise
For the brothers in the pen and the women despised
For all the people's pain from the brain control
For niggaz in the game that done lost their soul
Hope goes to the folks don't hold the max
And the ten percent blood suckin askin blacks
to pass the gat, and snatch that book off the shelf
It don't mean shit without knowlege of self
Don't trip when the real clip rip the club
Cause when the brothers get together we gon' all come up
Keep it live in your ear so it's loud and clear
There's no fear keep the people aware with Public Enemy

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[F. Flav] Huh! Terminator's back
[F. Flav] Hear the beat go
[Chuck D] Let me hear you say c'mon now
[F. Flav] Bring the noise - YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH
[F. Flav] Hey yo check one two
[Chuck D] Guerilla Funk'n, here we go again
[F. Flav] Hear the beat go, P.E.
[F. Flav] Cold live, can cold live

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Pump The Music. Pump The Sound"

[Chuck D]

Public Enemy...

Public Enemy... c'mon!

Public Enemy...

Public Enemy...

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)

Once again we gonna do it like this

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)

Once again we gonna do it like this (c'mon!)

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)

Once again we gonna do it like this

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)

Once again we gonna do it like this

[Sister Souljah]

WE ARE AT WAR!!!

[speech (Souljah)]

The American people, must rise up (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

Out of the evils of war (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

The evil of racism, and the evil of politics (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

I am constantly reminded of the fact (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

[Chuck D]

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)

Once again we gonna do it like this

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)

Once again we gonna do it like this (c'mon!)

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)

Once again we gonna do it like this

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)

Once again we gonna do it like this (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

[speech (Sister Souljah)]

The war, is only a symptom (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

Of international militarism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

Racism, and imperialism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

And an unworkable capitalism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

That makes the rich richer and the poor poorer

[Chuck D]

Public Enemy...

Public Enemy...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Make It Hardcore"

(feat. Paris)

[Paris]

Ain't that a bitch, I heard somebody think
Rap is dead cause people runnin out of shit to say
So ridiculous and so absurd
I was almost at a loss for words, then I started to serve
Off the line of the Enemy's mind
Back in 2005 droppin hammers without the time
Bring the ruckus from the booth to the hood
Motherfucker cause it ain't all good, now I wish they would
Get yo' vest on, we rain on Babylon
The anti-Fox News, anti-pop, original group
P and the Enemy policin the beast
Until we rise it'll never be peace, I put that on Jesus
Back with vocals, no whack shit, no glory focus
No gimmick tracks, just hard truth and rough raps
Plus that gear that keep 'em fearin the crime
Makin sure brothers knowin the time, that's why it ain't no smilin
See the army as they're snatchin us up, yeah
At yo' high school, promisin what?
Better recognize the bling of the murder machine
That's why it's meaning in the words when we serve and ask you to think
Who the whores that embed with the swords
Who the ones pimp us all sellin death for Murder Dog
The imagery is dead-ly so what the fuck?
Interscope ah better hope we never knowin and bringin the ruckus
Like Nas said, it's a coon parade, yeah
Bitch niggaz goin out all day
We pullin guns on Uncle Tom to bomb on Viacom
It's on, long as needed we competin keep-keepin it strong
Ain't no (Comic) in my (View) as long as they sell the black out
I grip my shit and blow your back out
We act out, cause you know we reppin the cause
Still a (Rebel) never needin a (Pause), I check drawers for balls

[Chorus: Chuck D (singers)]

Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Ridin with a soldier, hard truth soldiers in the game)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Keep the record rollin, ain't nobody colder when we play)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Hard truth soldier, ridin with a soldier in the game)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Keep the record rollin, can't nobody hold the spot we claim)

[Paris]

Soul survivors, now tell me who can bring it liver

It's P.E., still beatin the beast
In this game of latecomers, fake friends and flakes
And grown men actin like teenagers, we raisin the stakes
What'cha know about words I throw around
When I say it loud better know that I'm black and I'm proud
(This is what I mean, an Anti-Nigger Machine)
Take a look around and see the way they keepin the realest from reachin
But I bet you never hear it again, naw
Clear Channel never heat it again
It never fit into the corporate plan of attack
They genocidal practices only givin us "Murder on Wax"
Keep us terrified, music sterilized
Back the lies of the homicide and smile while
life imitates what we make; they all
makin money off the African's fall, that's why I'm callin out

[Chorus]

[Paris]

Because a (Nation of Millions) is fearin the (Black)
When we (Bumrush the Show) (The Enemy Strike Back)
With mo' game than the music and our message attract
(Revolverlution) and (Rebirth)'ll keep the music in tact
Fuck that, bust back on they criminal ways
No compassion in they action for the son of a slave
Now the church used to hurt us, make somebody behave
Like this devil up in office really worship and pray
Like God speak to him and he does what he wants
But you know they steal the vote if anybody gets smart
The real sin is the dilemma when the people support
the death penalty but call abortion murder for sport
For the fake patri-OT, ain't no questions asked
'Specially, when the babies kill each other for gas
Known to blast on a menace that don't even exist
Set up puppet governments, for the rich to get richer
More money for them hoods, but the hood's in pain
When the schools close cause they say no money remain
Still undereducated, makin minimum wage
Got your Wal*Mart, makin new century slaves
Who's crazy? I can see, through the disguise
See, through the media's propaganda and lies
See a nation full of sheep still simple and blind
So we burn 'em with the sermon that's designed with a rhyme, we do it

[Chorus]

[Chuck D]

Whatever it takes to make it hardcore! [x2]

[Chorus: second half only]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"They Call Me Flava"

[Flavor Flav]

Yoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

That's what I got everybody up in the Bronx sayin

(Get the fuck outta here)

Everybody up in the Bronx is sayin yoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

That's Flav shit nigga

[Chorus: x2]

They call me Flavor, Flavoristic majestic Flavor

Don't you know that I'm the Flavor that you gave-ah

I'm in the life that you live when you..

Ahh do it again *[laughing]*

[Flavor Flav]

Now they call me Flavor

I'm in the shot that you shoot when you swishin

I'm in your dip and your dive when you dippin

I'm the aroma in your motherfuckin kitchen (Now that shit's hot!)

Now they call me Flavor

I'm in your mouth when you wake up in the mornin (DAMN!)

I'm the stink on your breath when you yawnin (WHAT!)

I'm in the milk in the cows of the corn an'

Flavor Flav is the Flav, a mack

Flavor Flav will never stick you in your back

Flavor Flav is on the reel to reel

Flavor Flav is in what you feel, BOYEEEE!

Now they call me Flavor

Flav will never stick you in your back

Flavor Flav is on the reel to reel, oh noooo!

Aiyyo {?} I don't know what the fuck I'm sayin

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav]

YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH!!

Get up get up get up and get down

Rock to the beat of a funky sound

Beat so sweet won't never go sour

Day by day every minute of the hour

The mornin hard eggs and tell me what's new

Got nuttin else to do but drink brew

Tryin to feel the flow, gettin so low

Standin there drinkin a quart of Old Gold

That's right, that's the way we gonna do it

And that's the way we gonna get through it

That's why I put my mind to it

And that's the way we gonna get through it *[laughing]*

South Freeport, break down
That's, where my families frown
After dark, Centennial Park
Go to Jones Beach, get on the back of a shark

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav: over Chorus]
GET IT NOW! WHAT?! HUH!
But I ain't playin, you know what I mean?
Ohhh shit, one more time

[Flavor Flav]
If you really want it put I can put a nigga's light out
On the strength but I don't go that length
Cause, Flavor Flav don't live on that tip G
But don't get sleep on me
I get lurky boy
When you eat a beef jerky boy
Suey sauce and soy boy
I did it to 'em with Roy boy, whaaaaaaaat?

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav: over Chorus]
C'mon, WHAT! Daaamn
C'mon, the rap Superman, CHAAAAAAAAAAAAARGE
YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

[Flavor Flav]
Bring that beat back (hehehehe)
Bring that beat back (brrrrrrrr)
Bring that beat back *[snickering]*
Bring that beat back
Do you know what I ain't got time to waste on this shit all night
Fuck that, fuck that you know cause I got other shit to do
We gone!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Plastic Nation"

[conversation between woman and plastic surgeon]

Tell me what you don't like about yourself
Uh, I need liposuction, under my chin - and everywhere
I hate the.. bump on my nose
I hate my breasts, and my stomach has stretch marks
They make me sick - I'd like those to go away
Been saving up my money for this

[Chuck D]

What if she tried to get her face erased like it was commonplace
Maybe just crazy because the doctor said she could
With new hips and tits, maybe fuller lips
All it take a day and some pay, for the tuck and nip
Call the Hoover remover, by the time they was through-ah
Her whole body would look the way she thought it should
They shake a splatter of fat and move from this to that
Like Frankenstein but blind because it's in her mind
Don't know what she felt, or why she hated herself
Maybe dolls and shows, or maybe videos
Now it's plain to see, the girl loves TV
Because she's chasin a dream we know can never be
Was all part of the plan to keep her lookin right
Thinkin she could be Janet, if she took the knife
It's not a sin to be thin, she tryin hard to fit in
Knowin soon she'll be a citizen, of the Plastic Nation

[Chorus x2: conversation between women and plastic surgeon]

Tell me what you don't like about yourself
I wanna change my face, and I wanna change my body, I wanna change my body
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
I wanna change my face, it would be so.. great

[Chuck D]

Now she was more crazy than lazy 'til she had a baby
Tryin to move and improve upon on what God gave her
Just like the swan she thought she had it goin on
But never once thought it was wrong or that it wouldn't save her
Went to the clinic was in it for over half a day
As they sliced and diced and put the parts in place
Her body's bruised, abused, cause her mind's confused
Bent on livin a lie but never satisfied
And you know it ain't right, that's somebody's daughter
Now her face is so tight that you can bounce a quarter
And the feeling ain't back, they said it'll never be back
She's a creature with features, broken out of order
That's why we try to find a way to get inside
And make you love your life and never need the knife

It's not a sin to be thin, don't need to bleed to fit in
Now she's another citizen, of the Plastic Nation

[Chorus]

[women talking to end]

I need liposuction

I'd like bigger calves

I need liposuction

And, I'd also like to go up to a C cup

Tell me what you don't like about yourself

Maybe I could have her ears

Maybe I could have her ears, and I like her nose

Tell me what you don't like about yourself

Because they don't stick out like ours does see

[suction sounds]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Coinsequences"

(feat. Paris)

[Intro/Chorus: Paris]

Is it a, coincidence that we ain't taught truth
A, coincidence that they target the youth
A, coincidence everything is the same
That a message in the music ain't a part of the game
A, coincidence that we livin a lie
A, coincidence that we only get by
A, coincidence that so many are lost
And do prison time 'fore we notice the cost

[Paris]

It really ain't difficult to break the mold
And take a close look at the lies we're told
Wipe away the facade, see we got to know
See the plot to control and to rot the soul
You can make anybody that don't read believe
anything that they see on the TV screen
That a lie is reality, the sky is green
That there's weapons in Iraq, and the President's clean
When it's on, thinkin you can trust police
Every black is a beast and our women are cheap
And that brothers gettin murdered is the way of the streets
That it's normal to die when we still in our teens
And that's the way it is, what's the use to try
That school is a motherfuckin waste of time
Slang yay, die young, maybe get rich rhymin
And prison if you black is just a part of life
And that all of America support the Pres'
Religion is the way, and we all full of sin
That it's better after death if we suffer and pray
Even though they fuck us off in this life today
And that white Jesus hangin on the wall in church
ain't a part of a lie to keep a brother subservient
And that the whole world need the word "Amen"
Got troops overseas gettin murdered for free
If you buy that shit, I got a bridge to sell
Like I said I'm a rebel, so I must re-bel
And lies be the truth now, war is peace
Like corporations don't dictate the streets
Like brothers don't die for the diamond or bling
Like brothers don't die over songs we sing
Like patri-ots act like the Patriot Act
While we swing on this bitch 'til we break it in half

[Chorus]

[Paris]

You guilty if arrested and niggaz are thugs
Only good for welfare, murder and drugs
The media is true, with no bias at all
And Fox News ain't on the President's balls
That Lacey and O.J. and Kobe and Mike
ain't bullshit and really do matter in life
That you shouldn't be insulted they give 'em the time
but never talk about all this corporate crime
That they generatin news stay loose with facts
Relate fake views that'll keep us attracted
like sheep so we don't think, never react
Never question authority, never suspect
Never trip off of why what matters to us
always seem unimportant, and never get love
Why it's never any money for the school support
But it's fallin out the sky for these corporate wars

[Chorus]

[Paris]

They never give real shit space to shine
Just donkey-ass niggaz on assembly line
Cookie cutter pop-slutter make music designed
to pedal Coca-Cola, Motorola and Sprite
No love for the Enemy with video play
But they give Flav a show to take the focus away
from the realest group ever made, whaddya say
when to them it's Eminem that's goin down as the greatest?
When the plan is a shame like we makin a choice
Understand it's a scam who get handed a voice
And it's only a few and they decide in advance
Like votin for the President and both of them fam
All that "God bless America, and nobody else"
But I can smell racism, however it's dealt
Know the real shit never miss, see how it's felt
All around the world, hear the people cryin for help

[Chorus]

[Outro: Paris]

A, coincidence ex-cons can't vote
A, coincidence they can't get no work
A, coincidence that they can't hold heat
Now they know that they enemy don't look like me
A, coincidence that we shit out of luck
The consequence of coincidences all add up
When you never know the reason and you're set up to suffer
The offense is coincidence is never the cause

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Invisible Man"

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]

I came from a place I forgot
I woke up in the parking lot, far from a meal and a cot
On the corner where all the streets got the same name
Maybe my brain's on the brink of (INSANE!)
Pain between the papers while sleepin on the train
This the land of milk and honey (know what I'm sayin?!)
The invisible man times three
Black, down and out - out standin on a corner (no doubt)
Now a nation of homeless sleepin in bus stations
Another win for the pilgrims who said (NO MORE HAITIANS)
As I proceed, someone to feed me is what I need
(Three blocks of dealers tryin to hit me off with some weed)
Yeah, avenues and boulevards hungry as a (FUCKER)
Hope to get a ride from a (TRUCKER - aiyyo man)
Everybody know I ain't no (SUCKER)
Every time I used to drop thirty at the (RUCKER - that's it)
Away from the crazy kids in Generation Wrecked
Dissin pyramids while praisin projects
(Walk past old folks gettin no respect!)
Callin young folks a bunch a no-good rejects
And I walk on

[Chorus: Chuck D]

An eye for an eye, I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I? It is I
Now who this cat I'm lookin at?
Cause I've been waitin so long, to get where I'm goin
An eye for a eye, in this country 'tis of thee
Now how the hell, can I be free
And who this cat I'm lookin at?
Cause I've been lost so long without anybody knowin

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]

So I move on (uh-huh) and I walk on (yeah-yeah!)
Past the preachers and the pimps gettin their talk on (SAY WORD?!)
Why do home gotta be where the negative roam
To be or not to be (so I roll alone)
I'm trapped within, this skin and these bones
Amongst temporary kings, on cellular phones
Can I last, as I walk past
Mad cigarette billboards, and malt liquor ads
(Walkin on da bottles and potato chip bags)
Everyone I see got the nerve to brag
Where they from, what they got, and don't own squat
Disrespect where they from and you might get shot *[click click BOOM]*
Zombies askin me, what the latest bomb be

(You shoulda shot the fuckin sheriff and the fuckin deputy G!)
For okayin the drug trade and lettin it be
But I know prison for me, is an industry
So I walk, heard the best things in life be free
(Didn't God make this land and the air that we breathe)
Not for the homeless, don't give a damn about me
In the mirror somebody else is starin at me
Maybe prison is the skin I'm within
All this time I been sufferin can't fix it with a Bufferin
Plus they said I'll never work in this town again (God damn!)
So I keep on walkin - yeah

[Chorus]

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]

Lil' DayDay is Big Day and just did time
Seen him standin (on the unemployment line?!)
Which collided with the line of the health clinic
I seen Crazy Stacy, her ass standin up in it
No more welfare, they cut her Medicaid
(DAMN! My momma used to do her braids)
I keep walkin, so they don't see me
But I doubt if they doin much better than me
So I walk on, never take the planet for granted
I paved the concrete, asphalt and granite
I walked past three brothers, sittin on the porch
With a yard of dirt, and littered with Newports
Talkin how they comin up while they sittin on they ass
As I walk past 'em I'm the target of they laughs
And one said "Let's get him for his fuckin stash"
As I walked fast, past the other yards with grass
Had a little cash, I tried to make it last
From a few deals I made from cleanin windshields
I ran like a (rally) they caught me in the (alley)
Can't get out the ghetto from New York to (Cali)
I thought I had nothin, 'til I felt the knife
And now I ain't even got a life... *[echoes]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hell No We Ain't All Right!"

[Chuck D: storm raging in the background]

Does it gotta come down to this...
In order to see things for what they are and what it is...
We still might not be free up in this piece
Or treated very equally as far as I can see...
Hell no we ain't alright!

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]

Now all these press conferences, breaking news alert (this just in)
While your government looks for a war to win
Flames for the blame game, names where I begin
Walls closin and get some help to my kin
(Who cares?) While the rest of the Bush nation stares
As the drama unfolds, as we the people under the stairs
Fifty percent of this "Son of a Bush" nation
is like, hatin on Haiti and settin up assassinations
Ask Pat Robertson, quiz him (mmm - smells like terrorism)
Racism in the news, still one-sided views
Sayin whites find food
Pray for the National Guard who be ready to shoot
Because they be sayin us blacks loot
(What is your boy "Son of a Bush" doin?) *[laughing]*
(NUTTIN!)

[Chorus 1: x3]

New Orleans in the mornin afternoon and night
Hell naw! {HELL NAW} We ain't alright

[Chorus 2]

New Orleans in the mornin afternoon and night
Hell naw! "Damn, damn!"

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]

Now them fires, earthquakes, tsunamis, I don't mean to scare
... wasn't this written somewhere?
Disgrace is all I be seein is hurtin black faces
Moved out to all them far away places
(Emergency) state, corpses alligators and snakes
Big difference between this haze and (the little diamonds on the VMA's)
You better look what's really important
Y'all under the sun, especially if you over 21
This ain't no TV show, ain't no video (this is really real!)
Beyond them same ol' keep it real
quotes from them TV stars, drivin big rim cars (streets keep floodin B)
No matter where you at no gas, driving is a luxury (urgency)
Don't y'all know? They said it's a state of emergency
Show somebody's government is far from reality

(Aiyyo check one two!)

[Chorus 1: repeat x4 instead of x3]

[TV broadcast samples]

And they don't have a CLUE of what's going on down there
I'm like you've gotta be kidding me, this is a NATIONAL disaster
It's awful down here man
God is lookin down on all this
And if they are not doin everything in their power to save people
They are gonna pay the price

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]

Now I see we be the new faces of refugees, who ain't even overseas
But stuck here on our knees
Forget the plasma TV, ain't no electricity
New world's upside down and OUT of order
Shelter, food, what's up yo? (Where's the water?)
No answers from disaster, them masses be hurtin
So who the f#\$! they call - HALLIBURTON?!
"Son of a Bush" how you gonna just trust that cat
to fix s%#t when all that help is stuck in Iraq?
Makin war plans takin more stands in Afghanistan
Two thousands soldiers there dyin in the sand
But that's over there, right? What's over here?
It's a noise so loud some of y'all can't hear
But on TV I know that I can see
Bunches of people, lookin just like me

[Chorus 1 x4: change city/state name each refrain]

[1:] New Orleans

[2:] Mississippi

[3:] Alabama

[4:] U.S.A.

[Chuck D]

We definitely ain't alright
And some of y'all voted for that cat! "Son of a Bush"
That's right, what God giveth sometimes your country taketh away
Yeah, one love, comin from Public Enemy, #1 y'all
Public Enemy, 2006 (yeah)
Public Enemy 2007, all gettin together now

[Flavor Flav]

Let me tell y'all somethin
All of our hearts is out there with y'all, you know what I'm sayin?
And we sendin trucks, we sendin boats
Boxes of.. cans of soup and everything
Clothes and all of that, shoes
We donating everything to y'all, you know what I'm sayin?
Don't worry, y'all ain't by yourself
You need to know that

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Watch The Door"

[Intro: Chuck D]

Watch the door, Chuck D, Public Enemy
Paris, Guerilla Funk, Rebirth of a Nation 2006
Everybody needs somebody to watch the door as it's goin on
Securin you - who's securin what?!
Watch the door

[Chuck D]

Now I'm down to do your thing if your thing's the right thing
P.E. ain't tryin to hear no fat lady sing (naw)
Don't get it twisted cause we still love the music in the past
Through the years see them use it then abuse it
Some of these cats ain't sat down, washed their hands
and say to the grace to the game, so they're a disgrace to the race
Dig it, P-Dog we be diggin them party joints
Beats for everybody joints
Takin care and persevere I'm makin my point
Message around the world, rap be's for the poor
You on the floor, we at the door
Rob the rich, give to the poor

[Chorus: x2]

Rob the rich, give to the poor
Give back to get back cause we watch the door

[Chuck D]

Cause it's about to go down these cowboys have jumped the corral
Survival yeah we got the nerve to serve
Like a hip-hop bible, don't libel
Guerilla Funk, they got the title
The late great, no need to donate dollars
I don't care if they poppin collars and holla's
Who can't think between drinks, Chuck D I'm the driver
Hard act to follow, I think for tomorrow
Remix of old P.E. hits, I ain't up against it
If it was up to me I'd give it all away (yeah)
Anyway, uploads for my people to download
Shit so hot, iPods explode
One at a time baby, for your mind baby
Uhh, to keep your soul in control baby
Not crazy this party's for everybody
You on the floor, and I be watchin the door

[Chorus x2]

[samples: some scratched]

"You sold us out!"

"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"

"You sold us out!"

"Some things you don't sell"

"You sold us out!"

"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"

"You sold us out!"

"Too much, get away from stuff like that"

[Chuck D]

Multiply, do not divide

Think globally, act locally

Passport, showin no support

Makin World War III, lookin like a sport

Human race, in the only place

we know as Earth, right in our face

And the firebombs, and the toxic waste

Will leave this world without a trace

And we don't want no other war

Too late the feds done closed the door

And we the peeps get spoken for

The people want peace but the people get a quota

Got the cure, high price for sure

Fix the rich, and damn the poor

Laptops, shoes, off says the law

Make love, fuck the war

[Chorus x2: fades out]

[Chuck D - continues to fade]

You're damn right!

Public Enemy, Rebirth of a Nation

Paris, Guerilla Funk

2006 for yo' bad ass

Yeah, somebody gotta watch the damn door!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Field Nigga Boogie (XLR8R Remix)"

(feat. Paris, Immortal Technique)

[Paris]

Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-ass rap made the game corrupt
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
Puttin wood on they ass can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
In a "No Spin Zone," fuck a scanadalous bitch
It's the return of the (Bush Killa) back to bust
Just us for the justice, in God we trust
I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light
Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
See us overthrow the hold of the devil control
And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets
I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat
Like ants in this war dance, if one fall
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

[reggae chat interlude]

[various samples]

"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events
and contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)

"Welcome to the show!"

[Dan Rather] "Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before"

"We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna stop"

"You still may know little about" - Dan Rather

"The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"

"This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"

"Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."

[D.R.] "Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government"

"In the war", "on drugs" - D.R.

"Which side is the C.I.A. on?"

"We need a change! We need a change.." *[x2]*

"One of these motherfuckers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

[Immortal Technique]

Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture
Fuck who you askin, I'll tell you what it is
It ain't music motherfucker it's the way that we live

Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops
Fuck around, and I'ma start blastin they kids
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib
These pigs talk a lot of shit, shit, wavin the badge
Can put it down and go the fuck home wrapped in a flag
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb
Urban combat, next year nigga it's on